

ARISTIPPVS,

OR

The Iouiall Philosopher:

DEMONSTRATIVELIE
proouing, That Quartes, Pintes,
and Pottles,

Are sometimes necessary Authours in a Scholers
Library.

Presented in a priuate Shew.

To which is added,

THE CONCEITED
PEDLAR.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res.

Semel insaniamus.

LONDON,

Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Marriot, and
are to be sold by Richard Mynne, at his shop
in Little Britayne, at the signe of Saint
Paul. M.DC.XXX.

ЕВДОКИЯ

о

Теологија Пифагореја;

ДЕМОСФЕРА ТИАДЕ

Диоген Гипатија Гипатија

Пифагореја

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ДИОГЕН ГИПАТИЈА

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THE PRÆLVIDIUM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and
forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could
not beraysed but by coniurynge.

Enter Prologue in a Circle.

BE not deceiu'd, I haue no bended knees,
No supple tongue, nor speeches steep't in Oyle,
No Candied flattery, nor honied words,
I come an armed Prologue arm'd with arts,
Who by my sacred charmes and mystique skill,
By virtue of this all-commanding Wand
Stolne from the sleepy *Mercury*, will raise
From black Abysse and suttie Hell, that mirth
Which fits this learned round. Thou long-dead Show
Breake from thy Marble prison, sleepe no more
In myrie darknesse, henceforth I forbid thee
To bath in *Lethe*'s muddy waues, ascend
As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
And red with kisses that haue stayn'd thy cheeke,
Grow fresh againe : What ? is my power contemned ?
Dost thou not heare my call whose power extends
To blast the bosome of our mother Earth ?
To remoue heauens whole frame from off her hinges,
As to reuerce all Natures lawes ? Ascend

Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
And all the Torments wit of Hell can frame
Shall force thee vp.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O spare your too officious whips a while,
Giue some small respite to my panting limbcs,
Let me haue leaue to speake and truce to partie,
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute
This hated ayre ! are not my paines sufficient,
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
Of my deserts, the Causes of my exile ?

Prolog. Tis thy release I seeke, I come to file
Those heauy shackles from thy wearied limbcs,
And giue thee leaue to walke the Stage againe
As free as Virtue : Burne that withered Bayes,
And with fresh Laurell crowne thy sacred Temples,
Cast of thy maske of darkenesse, and appeare
As glorious as thy sister Comedie.
But first with teares wash off that guilty sinne,
Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit,
That vse their inke to blot a spotlesse fame,
Let's haue no one particular man traduc'd,
Whom priuate hate hath spurr'd thee to revile:
But like a noble Eagle ceaze on vicc,
As she flies bold and open ! spare the persons:
Let vs haue simple mirth and innocent laughter ;
Sweet smiling lips, and such as hide no fangs,
No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues,
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of itruth I here protest,
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
Much leise the good : I will not dare to say

That

That such a one payd for his fellowship,
 And had no learning but in's purse ; no Officer
 Need feare the sting of my detraction,
 Ile giue all leaue to fill their guts in quiet :
 I make no dangerous Almanacks, no guls,
 No Posts with enuious Newes and biting Packets,
 You need not feare this Show, you that are bad,
 It is no Parliament : you that nothing haue
 Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
 May passe for good grand Sophies : all my skill
 Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
 As might become a *Cato* : I shall giue
 No cause to grieue that once more yet I liue.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beadles of hell auaunt,
 Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furies.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes and clad in these,
 Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
 With thy sweete temper, whilst my selfe intreat
 Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
 To sit and tast and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will,
 I come to haue my mirth approu'd not skill,
 Your laughters all I beg, and where you see
 No iest worth laughing at, faith laugh at me.

ARISTIPPVS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compoffibilitatis, & non secundum gradum
 incompoſſibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane by his
 poſſi bilites and incompoſſibilitieſ? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas*,
 and *Minfew* are as farre to ſecke as my ſelue : not a word

of *compossibilitas* or *incompossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what Ile doe. I haue heard of a great Philosopher : He try what he can doe : They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Philosophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me thinks is an ill signe : yet they say too, the best Philosophers of the towne neuer lie from thence : they say tis a Tauerne too, for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the towne but the Schooles and *Aristippus* Well : but since I am come thus farre I will enquire : for this same *compossibilitas* and *incompossibilitas* sticks in my stomach.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, Anon Sir.

Simp. What Philosophic is this ?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, Anon Sir.

Enters.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir ? what would you haue Sir ?

Simp. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Simp. What is this ? the *Dolphin* ? now verily it lookes like a Greene Fish : what's yonder Greecke too ? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto : *Fisppathi, Happibi*; *aut disce, aut discede incontinenter*, a very goood disjunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enters.

Boy. Here Sir.

Simp. Ha ? what's this ?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir ?

Simp. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why this is *Aristippus*.

Simp. Verily then *Aristippus* is *duplex, Nominalis & Realis*; or else the Philosopher liues like *Diogenes in dolio* : the President of Hogs-head Colledge : but I meane one *Aristippus*

Kat.

Kar' iξ·χλω, the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Lefopher, but here be Schollers in the house, Ile send them to you : Anon,anon, Sir, I cannot be here and there too, Anon,anon, Sir.

Simp. This boy would haue put a fallacie vpon mee, in *Interrogatione Plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha,ha,he, He has not a iot of Language in him more then Anon,anon, Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education ! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simplenesse of these people ; They doe euery thing ~~amors~~, and haue not a iot, not an inch of *xiⁱⁱn* in them. O what had become of me if I had not gone bare-foot to my Preceptor, with a Satchell at my backe.

Enter two Schollers.

Slaves are they that heap vp mountaines,

Still desiring more and more,

Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,

Never dreaming to be poore.

Give vs then a Cup of liquor,

Fill it vp unto the brim,

For then me thinks my wits grow quicker

When my braines in liquor swim.

Ha braue Aristippus.

Pox of Aristotle and Plato, and a company of dry Raskalls:

But hey braue Aristippus.

Simp. Certainly there are *Aristippus* his Schollers. Sir pray can you resolute me what is *Gradus compoſſibilitatis* ?

1 Schol. What ayles thou, thou musing man,

Tiddle diddle dooe.

2 Schol. *Quench thy sorromes in a Can,*

Tiddle diddle dooe.

Compoſſibilitas? why that's nothing man, when you nere drink beyond your poculum necessitatis you are in gradu incompoſſibilitatis to all good fellowship : Come hang *Scotus* weeble lead you to *Aristippus*, one Epitome of his in quarto is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Simp.

Sim. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thanke you in
Posulo Gratiarum. But what Philosophie doth hee read, and
what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and
day he powres forth his instructions, and fils you out of mea-
sure.

2 Hee'le make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double,
and teach you to speake fluently, and vitter your minde in a-
bundance.

Sim. Hath he many Schollers Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the Towne besides.
Heneuer rests but is still cald for. *Aristippus* sayes one, *Aristip-*
pus sayes another: He is generally ask'd for, yea and by Do-
ctors sometimes.

2 And as merry a man, There can be no Feast, but hee is
sent for, and all the company are the merrier for him.

3 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his
company, you would neuer after indure to stand alone.

Sim. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2. We will braue boy: and when you have scene him,
youle think your selfe in another world, and scorne to bee
your owne man any longer.

Sim. But I pray at what price reads he?

1 Why truely his price hath bin raised of late, and his ve-
ry name makes him the deerer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserues eight pence a Pinte tuition:
Nay, if you will learne any thing Schoollerships must be paid
for. Academicall Simonie is lawfull: Nay did you euer heare
of a good Preacher in a fat Benefice, vnlesse his purse were
the leaner for it? Make much of him, for wee shall haue no
more such in hast.

Enter Wilde-man.

Sim. But who is this?

1 The Vniuersitie Ramist, a Mault Heretique; alias the
Wilde-

Wilde man that is growne mad to see the daily resort to ~~Ar~~
Aristippus: but let vs leaue him to his frenzies;

But come you Lads that lone Canarie,
 Let vs haue a mad fegarie:
 Hether, hether, hether, hether,
 All good Fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt.

Wild-man.

Braines, wits, senses, all flye hence: let fooles liue limed in
 Cages: I am the Wilde-man; and I will be wilde: Is this an
 age to be in a mans right wits, when the lawfull vse of the
 throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on
 his death bed: 'Tis aboue the patience of a Malt-horse, to see
 the contempt of Barley, and not run mad vpon it. This is
Aristippus, *Aristippus*, now a Devill or two take his red-
 nos'd Philosophie: 'Tis he, my beere, that has vowed thee to
 the Vinegar-bottle; but I'le be revenged: when next I meet
 him, I'le twist and twich his bush-beard from his Tauerne
 face: Tis not his *hypathie* *happithic* can carry him out. Let him
 looke to be soundlier dash'd by mee, then euer hee was by
 Drawer for his impudence. I'le teach my Spanish Don a
 French tricke, I'le either plague him with a Poxe, or haue
 some Claret whore burne him for an heretique, and make
 him challenge acquaintance of *Muld-Sacke*: If he was not
 either sent hither from the Britch Politique, or bee not im-
 ployed by *Spinola*, to seduce the Kings lawfull Subiects from
 their allegiance to strong Beere, let me hold vp my hand at
 the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-p ost, if he had not a
 hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I say nothing, but hee
 has blowne vp good store of men in his dayes, house and
 land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Vni-
 6 uersity, the poore Country were as good haue the man in the
 Moone for their Pastor, as a Schollar! They are all so infe-
 cted with *Aristippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no

Doctrine but Sacke, and red Noses. As for the Wilde-man,
they haue made him horne-mad already.

Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-vp: this is the Mandrakes
voyce that vndoes me: you may heare him in faith. This is
the Deuill of his that goes vp and downe like a roaring
Sheepes-head to gather his Pewter Librarie. Ile fit him I faith,
Beats him.

Now you Calues-skin impudence, Ile thresh your Iacket.
Beats him out.

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers.

Arist. What a coyle's here? what fellowes that? hee
ooke like a mad hogges-head of March-beere that had run
out, and threatned a deluge: what is hee?

1 O tis the Wilde-man sir: a zealous brother that stands
vp against the p[er]secution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine
it a degree aboue the reputation of *Aqua vita*.

2 I haue heard him sweare by his *hora octaua*, that Sacke
and *Rosa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

Wild O art thou there, Saint Dunstan, thou hast vndone
me, thou cursed Fryer Bacon, thou hellish Merlin: but Ile be
reuenged vpon thee. Tis not your Mephostophilis, nor any
other spirits of Rubic or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor
your good father in law Doctor Faustus, that coniures so ma-
ny of vs in to your Wiues Circle, that with all their Magique,
he shall secure you from my rage, you haue set a Spell for any
mans comming into my house now.

Arist. Why none of my credit hath choked vp your
dores.

Wild man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, dis-
turbed my house, and Ile haue thee hang'd in Gibbets for mur-
thering my Beere, Ile haue thee tryed by a Iurie of Tapsters,
and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous
Coniurer.

Arist.

Arist. Why dost thou call mee Coniurer: I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elues to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleue it, for I am sure since *Sacke*, and I came to towne, your house hath not beeene so much haunted.

Wild-man. I'le put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, I'le scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

Arist. If he and his *Beere* will not be quiet, draw um both out.

Wild-man. Yet I'le be reueng'd you Rascall, I doe not feare the Spanish Inquisition, I'le runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'le carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards haue conquered *Lisbon*, and *Civill*. You notorirus villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe lookt so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is inuincible, and stinkes of an *Ar-mado*.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphis vs to balderdash.

Wild-man. Well *Diogenes*, you were best keepe close in your tubbe, I'le be reueng'd on you; I'le complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Johns*, not I.

I Schol. Well *Domine*, though the *hora octana* be not come, yet you may be gone.

Kicks him.

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, haue you any minde to study my Philosophy?

Sir. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I haue alwaies accounted Philosophie to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, Tempore, honore prius*; and these Schoolmen haue so pulled me, & my Dictionaries, that I despaire of vnderstanding them either *in summo grau*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Hecceitas*, a forenight, and could not sleep a winke fort; therefore good Sir teach me as *Cuitorias*, as you can, and pray let it be *Concepis verbi*, and *ex mense Philosophi*.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures you must be matriculated, and haue your name recorded in *Albo Academia*.

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and totaliter, for I haue as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Giue him the oath.

1 *Schol.* Lay your hand on the booke.

Sim. Will *tactus virtualis* serue the turne Sir?

2 *Schol.* No it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum*.

Sim. Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientiam*.

1 *Schol.* First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a *fœc nominalis*, to Maltmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

He drinkeſ.

1 *Schol.* Next you shall sweare to obserue the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert* for the establishing of good gouernement in the antient foundations of *Miter Colledge*.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

Drinkes againe.

Sim. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non aquinoce.*

1 *Schol.* That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam priuatum, in priuate houses, quam publice*, in the Doiphoen Schooles; that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleape at reckonings: but alwaies and every where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may haue no iust cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 *Schol.* Kisse the booke.

1 *Schol.* Lastly, that you never walke into the Towne, without your habit of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and Casting Hood; especially when there is a Convocation, and of all thingstake heed of running to the Assizes.

Sim.

Sim. 1. Is this the end I pray you Sir, is this the *Finis*?
no & i'vexa.

2 Schol. It is *ultimum* Sir.

Sim. How pray you Sir, *intentione*, or *executione*?

1 Schol. *Executione*, that followes the *Affizes*.

Sim. But me thinkes there is one *Scrupulum* it seemes to be *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contraformam statutis*.

2 Schol. I but therefore you are sworne to keep customes,
Non omnes secundum formam statutis.

Arist. What haue you inrolled him in *Albo*, haue you
fullly admitted him into the societie to be a member of the
body Academick.

Sim. Yes Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate numerica*, we haue made an end of it, *secundum ultimum Complementum, & actualitatem*.

Arist. Well then, giue the attendance.

Most graue audience, considering how they thirst after my
Philosophie, I am induced to let you tast the benefit of my
knowledge, which cannot but please a iudicious pallat: for
the rest I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*,
and drinke Water.

Sim. We will attend Sir, and that *bibulic auribus*.

Arist. The many errors that haue crept into the science, to
distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes,
then small Beere, and sober sleepes; whereas were the lauda-
ble custome of Sack drinking better studied, we should haue
fewer Gownes and more Schollers.

1 Schol. A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees,
nor Schollers for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole *Vniuersitie* is full of your honest
Fellowes, that breaking loose from a *Yorkshire Belfrey*, haue
walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders:
these you shall haue them studie hard for fowre or fife yeares,
to returne home more fooles then they came; the reason
whereof, is drinking Colledge taplash, that will let them haue
no more learning, then they size, nor a drop of wit more then

the Buttler sets on their heads,

2 Schol. T' were charity in him to sconce'vm soundly, they would haue but a poore *Quantum* else,

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole lives in Athens, to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies, *Huns* sons Cakes, and *Pax* his Ale hath rothed their braines; hence is the whole tribe contemned, euery Prentice can icere at their braue Callackes, and laugh the Velvet Caps out of Countenance.

1 Schol. And would it not anger a man of Art to be the scorne of a what lacke you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behauour: hence comes the Bride like simpering at a Justice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Husteron Proteron*.

Simp. 'Tis very true, I haue done the like my selfe, till I haue had a disgrace for my Mittimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beare that hath putrified our Horsemanships, for that you cannot ride to *Ware*, or to *Barkway* but your Hackneyes sides must witnesse your iourneys. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene fed with false Latin, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Noverint uniuersi*.

Simp. *Per presences me Simplicium.*

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Mood and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloathes at *Cambridge*. Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons; all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophie.

Simp. Oh I am rauished with this admirall Metaphysicall Lecture,

Lecture, if euer I drinke Beere againe, let me turne ciuill Lawyer, or be poudered vp in one of *Luthers* barrels, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forsware it. Fie vpon it, I could loue Sir *Giles* for presenting thole notorious Alewiues. Oh *Aristippus*, *Aristippus* thou art equally diuine *τῇ διωδίαις* καὶ ἐπελεξεῖς the only father of *Quodlibets*, the Prince of Formalities, I aske my Starres whose influence doth gouerne this *orbem sublunarem* that I may liue with thee, and die like the Royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was sowled vp to immortality in a But of *Malmesey*.

2 *Schol.* You interrupt him Sir too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happiness.

Simp. Oh heauens I could heare him *ad eternitatem*, and that *tam à parte ante, quam à parte post*, O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are mere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophie canonickall, I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam* & *practicam*. Pray let me once more forsware the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, he be his perfect enemy till I make him and bottle Ale fly the Country.

Aristip. But Sacke is the life, scule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Ioues* Kitchin, but his Wine Cellour, to increase the native heat and radical moysture, without which we are but drousie dust; or dead clay: this is Nectar, the very Nepenth the Gods were drunke with, 'tis this that gaue *Ganymede* beauty, *Hebe* youth, to *Ioue* his heauen, and eternity; doe you thinke *Aristotle* dranke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe you thinke *Alexander* had euer conquered the world if he had bin sober? he knew the ferce & valour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke, with Wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely here's the difference, Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

Aristip. Theretore the Garritons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldiers strained vp to the muster of pewter pots daily, learning to contemne death by accustoming to bee dead drunk: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine as Car-bunkles.

buckles. A red nose is the grace of a Sericant Maior, and they vnworthy the place of Ancients that haue not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Tauerne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healthes, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 Schol. And the best Artillery yard is the Dolphin:

Aristip. Thus you may easilly perceiue the profise of Sack in millitary discipline, for that it may iustly seeme to haue taken the name of Sack from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wondersfull, wonderfull Philosophie, if I bee a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drink Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceiue it was onely *culpa ignorantie*, not *prava dispositionis* that made me a coward, but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophic, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and euery thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materia, nec in forma*, Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed my Pythagras, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Aristip. Next it is the only Elixar of Philosophie, the very Philosophers stone, able if studied by a yong Heire ~~mutare rerum species~~, to change his House, Lands, Liuings, Tenements, and Liueries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolved into Sack must needs make his soule more capable of diuine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd and freed from so much earth.

2 Schol. Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth, he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua secum portare*.

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can bee inuented, whereby we might ascend to the heighth of knowledge, then a light head, a light head being as it were allied with heauen, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its owne, which motions, teste Aristotle, first found that intelligence, so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect,

collect, and vnderstanding to be the inuention of Sacke, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophie, till the never sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the earth was moued, which he could never haue done, had hee not beeene instructed by Sack, and a light head.

Simp. Hang me then when I turne graue.

Aristip. This is the Philosophie the great Stagirite read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the saith of History to witnesse.

Simp. Tis true *per fidem Historicam*, for I haue read how when he had vanquish'd the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquer.

Aristip. Now to make our demonstration to proue, no wine, no Philosophie, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the only Buts which Philosophie aymes at.

Schol. And the Hogshead is that *pneuus Democratis* from whence they might both be drawne.

Aristip. Sacke, Claret, Malmsey, White-wine and Hippocras are your fise Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *situs* leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorum* breaking of iesles, your *posteriorum* of glasse, false bils are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis obiectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, severall humours are your moods, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected, your drinking is in Syllogimes, where a pottle is the *maior terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premilles, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be diuided, Topicks or common places are the Tauernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Vniuersities.

Simp. And if I be not entered, and haue my name admitt-

ted into some of their booke, let *forma misti* bee beaten out of me.

Aristip. To perswade the Vintner to trust you is good Rhetoricke, and the best figure is Synechdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke aboue measure is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backward is star-gazing, & no *Jacobs Staffe* comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the sweet harmony of good-fellowship with now and then a discord, is your excellent musick, Sack it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meere sole-cisme, and Latine be it true, or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best Physicke to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory, and here you haue an *Encyclopaedia* of Sciences, whose method being circular, can neuer bee so well learned, as when your head runnes round.

Sim. If mine haue any other motion, it shall be *preternaturam*, I, and *contrario*, if I liue: I like that art of musick wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson playd by the soule vpon the Organs of the body. O witty sentencel I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha braue *Aristippus*: but in Poetry tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and iuyce of a verse, yea the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sack, for to think *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sin as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers Horse.

Aristip. I know some of these halfe penny Almanack makers doe not approue of this Philosophie, but giue you most abominable counsell in their Beggars Rhymes, which you are bound to beleue as faithfully, as their predictions of soule and faire weather, you shall heare some of *Errapaters* Poetry.

I wish you all carefully,
Drink Sack but sparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keape your healeb wariby,
Take heed of ebriety,
Wine is an enemy,

Good

Good is sobriety,
Fly baths and Venery.

For your osten potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that desireth to liuet till October, ought be drunke in Iuly, but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed sober, And let him alone thou man in the Moone, yet had'st thou but read a leafe in this aduaired Author, this *aureum fumen*, this *terrens eloquentia*, thou would'st haue scorn'd to haue bin of the water Poets Tribe, or *Skeltons* family, but thou hast neuer tasted better Nectar then out of *Fennors* Wassaile Bowle, which hath so transformed him, that his eyes looke like two Tunnels, his nose like a Fausset with the Spicket out, and therefore continually dropping: the Almanack makers, and Physitians are alike grand enemies of Sack, as for Physitians being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect Wine, and minister simples, but if I meet with you Ille teach you another receipt.

Sims. Why meet him Tutor, you may easily meet him. I know him Sir, & *cognitio disticta & confusa* I warrant you, doe you not smell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanack against drinking Sack? ha Stroffe? haue I found you Stroffe? you will shew your selfe, I see, when all is done to bee but a Brewers Clarke.

Aristip. But farre better speaks the diuine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Barly broath, who knew too full well the vertue of Sack when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma profiluit discenda*; his verses are in Latine, but because the audience are Schollers, I haue translated them into English, that they may be vnderstood. Here read them.

I Schol. There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,
Or else of the waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough which it to call,
But yet as I wist it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thick, and pisse it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it leaues within,
But I of complexion am wondrous sanguine,

And will loue by'th Morrow a cup of wine,
To live in delight was euer my monnes,
For I was Epicurus his owne sonne,
That held opinion that plaine delight
Was very felicity perfite:

A Bowle of wine is wondrous boone cheere
To make one blith, baxome, and deboneere,
'Twill gine me such valour and so much courage
As cannot be found'twixt Hull and Carthage.

Aristip. But aboue the wit of humanity, the diuine Virgili
hath extol'd the Encomium of Sack in these verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sack with Roses crown'd,
Fillt to the brim, Ile haue my temples bound
With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolique st;
Let me drinke deepe, then fulily warm'd with wine,
Ile chaunt Æneas praise, that every line
Shall proue immortall, till my moistned quill
Melt into verse; and Nectar-like distill;
I'me sad, or dull, till bowles brim fill'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse,
But once renin'd Wub Sack, pleasing desires
In my chil blond kindle such active fires,
That my gray bayres seeme fled my wrinckl'd face,
Grownes smooth as Hebes, youth, and beauties grace,
To my shrank veines fresh blond and spirits bring,
Warめ as the Summer sprightfull as the spring,
Then all the world is mine. Cresus is poore
Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more,
And I in Sack haue all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then haue I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pelean Youth compare,
Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Doe nor, Atrides, Neiters ten desire
But ten such drinkers as that aged sire,

His streame of bonied words flowed from the Wine,
 And Sacke his Councell was, as he was thine.
 Who euer purchast a rich Indian mine,
 But Bacchus first, and next the Spanish wine,
 Then fill my bowle, that if I dye to morrow,
 Killing cares to day, I haue out-liu'd my sorrow.

Arist. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet,
 I make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Simp. *Dixi* dost thou say, I, and I'le warrant thee the best *Dixi* in Cambridge, who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all pro & con I begin to hate distinction, & adualiter, & habitualiter, yet a poxe to see, I cannot leaue them nec principaliter, nec formaliter; yet I begin to loue the Foxe better then subtilnesse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the Gates to none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not loue you, I were an *αιδηπηματις φυσις*, and an absurditie in the abstract; Let's practice, lets practice, for I'le follow the steppes of my Tutor night and day: by this Sacke, I shall loue this Philosophie: before I heard this Lecture, *Bankes* his Horse was an *Arioste*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how lear nedly I shall sleepe to night.

2 Schol. Sleepe to night! why? that's no point of our Philosophie; we must sit vp late, and roare till we rattle the Welkin: Sleepe, what haue we to doe with deaths Cater-cousin? doe you thinke Nature gaue starres to sleepe by? haue you not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Sim. A Paradox? let me be cramp't if I sleep then, but what must we sleepe in the day then?

2 Schol. Yes, in the morning.

Sim. And why in the morning?

2 Schol. Why, a poxe of the morning, what haue we to

doe with the sober time of the day ?

Sim. 'Tis true I see, wee may learne something of our fellow Pupils, and what must wee doe now fellowe pupils ? What must we doe now ?

1 Schol. Why? conferre our notes.

Sim. What is that ?

2 Schol. Why, conferring of notes, is drinking off cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'le conferre a note with you.

1 Schol. Gramercy braue lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not haue lost it for *Eustathius* and his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Sim. Fellow Pupill, I'le conferre a note with you too.

2 Schol. Faith, let me haue it, let's share, and share like boone Rascals.

Sim. I'le say my part to you both.

2 Schol. By my troath, and you haue a good memory, you haue con'd it quickly Sir.

Sim. But what shall we haue for repetitions now ?

2 Schol. I, what for repetitions ?

1 Schol. Why the Catch against the Schoolemen in praise of our Tutor *Aristippus* : can you sing *Simplicius* ?

Sim. How begins it pray you ?

2 Schol. *Aristippus* is better

Sim. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance, I cond it without booke, thinking it had beene a Position.

Aristippus is better in every letter,

Then *Faber the Parisiensis*,

Then *Scotus, Soncinas, then Thomas Aquinas*,

Then *Gregorie Gandauensis*:

Then *Caraan and Ramus, then old Paludanus*,

Albertus, and Gabriella,

Then Pico Morecius, or Scatiger Natus,

Then Niphus or Zabarella.

Hortado, Trombetus, were fooles with Toletus,
 Zanarius, and Will de Hales,
 With Occam, Iauellus, and mad Algazellus,
 Philoponus and Natalis.

The Conciliator, was but a mere prater,

And so was Apollinaris:

Iandunus, Plotinus, the Dunce Eugubinus,

With Masius, Savill, and Swarez,

Fonseca, Durandus, Becanus, Holandus,

Pererius, Amenture:

Old Trismegistus, whose volumes haue mist vs,

Ammonius, Bonahenture,

Mirandula Comes, with Proclus and Somes,

And Guido the Carmelita:

The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,

No longer is my delighte:

Hang Brierwood and Carter, in Crakenhorpes garter,

Let Keckerman too bemoane vs,

Ile be no more beaten, for greacie lache Seaton,

Or conning of Sandersonius:

The censure of Cato's, shall never ansate vs,

Their frostie beards cannot nip vs:

Yor Ale is too muddy, good Sacke is our studie,

Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the Wild-man with two Brewers.

Wild-man. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers,
 knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not
 see him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Cham-
 pions good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus and the
 Schollars.

Wild-

Wild-man solus.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong from them,
 and let me be hang'd if euer I be milder to such Rascals, they
 shall finde these but stale curtesies. How now? what's here?
 the learned Library, the Philosophicall volumes: these are
 the booke of the blacke Art; I hate them worse then *Bellar-*
mins the golden Legend, or the Turkish Alcharon. I wonder
 what vertue is in this peutefaced Authour, that it should make
 euery one fall in loue with it so deepeley? I'le trie if I can finde
 any *Philtreum*, any loue-Potion in't: by my *Domine* not a
 drop; *O stultum ingenium hominum*, to delight in such vanities.
 Sure these are Comments vpon Tobacco, dry and iuyce-
 lelle vanities. I'le try againe by my *bonâ fide*, but this doth re-
 lish some learning, still better, an admirable witty rogue, a
 very flash. I'le turne another leafe, still better, has he any more
 Authors like this? what's here *Aristippus*? a most incompa-
 rable Authour, O Bodly, Bodly, thou hast not such a booke in
 all thy Librarie, here's one lyne worth the whole *Vatican*:
O Aristippus would my braines had beene broken out when
 I broched thy hogs-head: O curst Brewers, and most accu-
 sed am I to wrong so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*?
 what penance is enough to cleere me from this impardona-
 ble offence: twenty purgations are too little; I'le sucke vp all
 my Beere in Toasts, to appease him, and afterwards liue by
 my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh that I had never vndertooke
 this selling of Beere, I might haue kept my house with Fel-
 lowes Commons, and never haue come to this: But now I
 am a wild-man, and my house a Bedlam: O *Aristippus*, *A-*
ristippus, *Aristippus*.

Enter *Medico de Campo*.

Medico. How now neighbour Wild-man?
Wild-man. O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, what shall I doe for
 thee *Aristippus*?

Medico.

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus*?

Medico. Why neighbour *Wilde-man*, disclose your grieses to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure you.

Wilde-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcomest man liuing, the onely man I could haue wished for, O *Aristippus, Aristippus*.

Medico. Why what's the matter neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation.

Wilde-man. O no Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that I loue with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismal tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Neuer feare it, I haue one was sent from a _____ faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, hee that I did the great cure on, you haue heard on't I am sure: I searched his head from *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, and set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as liuely, as euer I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I haue it now, *Prester John*, a poxe on't, *Prester John* 'twas hec hec, I faith, 'twas *Prester John*, I might haue had his Daugter if I had not been a foole; and haue liu'd like a Prince all the daies of my life; nay, and perchance haue inherited the Crowne after his death; but a poxe on't, her lips were too thicke for mee, and that I should not thinke on *Prester John*.

Wilde-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prester John* Sir, willyou thinke on *Aristippus*?

Med. What should I doe with him?

Wilde-man. Why in my rage Sir, I haue almost killed him, and now would haue you cure him in sober sadnessse.

Medico. Why call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

Medico. Salue Mr. Simplicius.

Simp. Salue me, 'tis but a Surgeons complement Signior Medico de Campo; but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe: Are you there you Visquebaugh Rascall, with your Metheglin iuyce, I'lle teach you Sir to breake a Philosophers pate; I'lle make you leaue your distinctions as well as I haue done, Wilde-man. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O Aristippus, Aristippus, I haue broken thy head Aristippus, but I'lle give thee a plaister Aristippus, Aristippus.

Medico. I pray Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers prouision, let all be in readinesse.

Exit Simplicius.

Wilde-man. Pray Sir doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. What of the Thumbe? I haue not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thambe, the Thumbe, doe you not know the cure of the Thumbe?

Wilde-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember't Sir.

Medico. Remember't, I, and perfectly, I haue it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I bechance comming by, tooke it vp, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe; and if he were now in Cambridge, I could haue his hand to shew for't: why did you ne're heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you never heard me speake of the Thumbe Sir.

Enter

Enter three Scholars bringing forth Aristippus
in his Chayre.

1 Schol. Signior de Medico Campo, if you haue any art or skill, shew it now, you never had a more deserving Patient.

Medico. Yet I haue had many, and roiall ones too, I haue done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be beleuued in England.

2 Schol. Very likely so, and Cures in England that will not be beleuued beyond seas, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico. The great Turke can witnessse, I am sure the eyes that he weates, are of my making.

1 Schol. Hee was then an eye-witnessse; but I hope hee weares spectacles Signior.

Medico. Why, won't you beleue it, why I tell you I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of Poland of a Wart on's nose, and Babbem Gaber of a Ring-worme.

1 Schol. The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Ink-hornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wiues medicines; the worst of mine Ingredients is an Vnicorues Horne, and a Bezars Stone: Raw Beefe, and Inkhornes! Why, I cur'd Sherley in the Grand Sophies Court in Persia when he had beene twice shot through with Ordinance, and had two bulletts in each thigh, and so quickly, that he was able at night to lye with his Wife the Sophies neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians, and could this haue beene done with raw Beefe and Ink-hornes?

Sims. No sure, this could not haue beene done without Eggs and greene-sauce, or an Oatmcale Poultice at least.

Medico. The King of Russia had died of the worms, but for a powder I sent him.

2 Schol. Some of that you meane, that stucke on the bulle which you tooke out of Sherleys legges.

Medico. In the siege of *Offend*, I gaue the Dutchesse of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated when she had not shiffted of a twelue moneth.

1 Schol. Believe me, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Fleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salue, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 Schol. I, and close vp the Bung-hole in the great Tub at *Heidelberg* I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Dropsie, the Low-Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not beene treason, I had cur'd the Fistula, that it should haue dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knifes point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was onely skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature her selfe could not haue mended it; which had it not come too late, and after his death, would haue done hit as much seruice as that which was shot off.

2 Schol. I easily believe that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that should so scour the Seas, that neuer a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 Schol. By my faith, and that would bee a good State Glister.

Medico. I haue done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the English Nunnery, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 Schol. And yet had as much left, as cur'd ffeue Cardinals on Fasting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst undertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards hauing curd him, I dranke a heale to him.

Sirr. Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*.

Medico. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speake of my Art with ifs and ands? Doe you take mee for

a Mountebank, and hath mine owne tongue beeene so silent
in my praise, that you haue not heard of my skill?

2 Schol. No, pardon vs Signior, onely the danger our Tu-
tor is in makes vs so suspicio[n]; we know your skill Sir, wee
haue heard Spaine and your owne tongue speake loud on't,
we know besides, that you are a Trauailer, and therefore give
you leaue to relate your words with authority.

Med. Danger? what danger can there be, when I am his
Surgeon?

1 Schol. His head Sir is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost
past cure.

Med. Why what if he had neuer an head? am not I able
to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set
it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleeue me neighbour, but that would bee as great
a wonder, as the Thumbe, or *Prestre Johns* head.

Med. Why? Ile tell you Sir what I did, a farre greater
wonder then any of these, I was a Trauailer,

2 Schol. There is no such great wonder in that, but what
may be beleueed.

Med. And another friend of mine trauailed with me, and
to bee short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where
missing my friend, I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a
Land wh[er]e I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten
halfe of him, I was very penisive at his misfortune, or rather
mine, at last I bethought me of a powder that I had about
me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner dranke of it,
but they presently disgorg'd their stomacks, and fell asleepe;
I Sir, gathered vp the miserabile morsels of my friend, placed
them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe;
and if he were here still aliue, he were able to witnesse it him-
selfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten-groats dam-
age, or a crackt Crowne.

1 Schol. Good Signior make no such delaye, cure him,
and haue one wonder more to fill vp your Legend.

Med. Here hold the Bason, you the Napkins, and you
M^r. Simplicius the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feet vp-

on. By my troth Sir he is wonderfully hurt, his *pis maior* I perceiue is cleane out of ioyns; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium* there is but three onely whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his Sutures are cleane perished, onely the Sagittall remaines free from violence, the foure Tunicats of his eyes are thred bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers lost: there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence; the top of his nose is dropt away, there is not a Muskle left in the Cauities of his Nostrils, his *dentes malaes* are past grinding, his Pallet is lost, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: helpe open his mouth, so, so, his throat is sound: he's well I warrant you, now giue him a cup of Sack, so let me chafe his Temples, put this powder into another glasse of Sack, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of vs all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

Aristip. Why as yong as the Morning, t' all life, and soule not a dram of body; I am newly come backe from Hell, and haue seene so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Art hath restored me to life againe.

1 *Schol.* The Catholique Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, *Signior de Medico Campo*.

2 *Schol.* One that hath ingrossed all Arts to himselfe, as if he had the Monopoly:

1 *Schol.* The onely Hospitall of soares,

2 *Schol.* And Spittle house of infirmities, *Signior de Medico Campo*.

1 *Schol.* One that is able to vndoe the Company of Barbersurgeons, and Colledge of Physitians, by making all diseases fly the Country.

2 *Schol.* Yea he is able to giue his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed or bequeath it by Legacy, but hee is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for euer.

3 *Schol.* Sir, death it selfe dares not anger him, for feare hee should begger the Sextons by suffering no graue to bee made, he can chuse whether any shall dye or no.

3 *Schol.* And he doest with such celerity, that a hundred pecces

peeces of Ordinance in a pitch'd field could not in a whole day make worke enough to employ him an houre ; you owe him your life Sir : Ile assure you,

Aristip. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine, thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophie, and 'tis your owne.

Med. I haue gold enough Sir, and Philosophie enough, for my house is paued with Philosophers stones, mine only desire is, that you forgiue the rage of this wildman, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

Wild. O reuerend Philosopher, and Alchimy of vnderstanding, thou very Sack of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forswearre that Dutch heresie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, Ile turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Aristip. Giue him a Gowne then ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very iouiall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's sin, and drinke a health to the company.

We care not for mony, riches, or wealth,
Old Sack is our mony, old Sack is our health,

Then let's flock hither
Like Birds of a feather,
To drinke, to sing,
To laugh and sing,

Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together,
Come let vs laugh, let vs drinke, let vs sing,
The wineer with vs is as good as the spring,

We care not a feather
For wind, or for weather,
But night and day
We sport and play,
Conferring our notes together,
Conferring our notes together,

(30)

Simp Hark, they are drinking your healths, within, and I
must haue it too, I am only left here to offer my supplicat to
you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but com-
mence in your approbation, I will take a degre in drinking,
and because I am turn'd a iouiall mad raskall, I haue a great
desire to be a Midsunimer Batch'lor, I was onely stay'd to
aske your leaues to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.



THE PEDLAR AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN A STRANGE SHOW.

Generous Gentlemen,

Such is my affection to *Phœbus* and the ninety nine Muses, that for the benefit of this roiall Vniuersitie, I haue strodled ouer three of the terrestriall globes with my Geometricall rambling, *videlicet*, the *Asia* of the Dolphin, the *Affrique* of the Rose, the *America* of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Alehouse. And all for your sakes, whom I know to be the diuine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten bastards of the thrice three sisters, the learned filly-foles to Mounsier *Pegasus*, Arch-hacney to the students of *Parnassus*: Therefore I charge you by the seauen deadly Sciences, which you more study then the three and fourre liberall sinnes, that you ha, ha, ha, may be the recompence of my ridiculous endeauours.

I haue beene long in trauaile, but if your laughter giue my Embryon Iestes but safe deliuerance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronimo* rising from his naked bed was no t so good a Midwife:

But I see you haue a great desire to know what profession I

am of: first therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for hope you see no buckram honesty about me, and I sweare by these sweet lips my breath stinkes not of any State actions: I am no Souldier although my heeles be better then my hands: by the whips of *Mars* and *Bellona* I could never endure the smell of salt Peeter since the last Gunpowder treason, the voyce of a Mandrake to me is sweeter musick then those maximes of warre, those terrible Cannons, I am no Townsman vntesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes; I am no Alderman for I speake true English; I am no Justice of peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Mutimus*, the venerable Bench neuer kist my worshipfull Buttocks; I am no Alchymist, for though I am poore, I haue not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone; I am no Lord, and yet me thinks I should, for I haue no Lands; I am no Knight and yet I haue as empty pockets as the proudest of them all: I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will; I am no Inns of Court Gentleman, for I haue not beene stewed throughly at the Temple, though I haue beene halfe codled at *Cambridge*; Now doe you suspect that I should say I am a Scholler, but I thanke my starres I haue more wit then so; why I am not mad yet? I hope my better *Genius* will shield me from a thred bare black Cloke, it lookes like a peece of *Beelzebubs* Liuery. A Scholler? what? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my nose: no; if I was what I wish I could but hope to be; but I am a noble, generous, vnderstanding, roiall, magnificent, religious, heroicall, and thrice illustrious Pedlar.

But what is a Pedlar? why what's that to you? yet for your satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honouable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedlar is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradsmen, a walking Burle, or moueable Exchange, a Socratical Citizen of the vast vniuerse, or a peripateticall Iourneyman, that like another *Atlas* carries his heauenly shop on's Shoulders.

I am a Pedlar, and I sell my ware
 This braue Saint Barthol. or Starbridge faire,
 I to sell all for laughter, that's all my gaines,
 Such Chapmen should be laught at for their paines.
 Come buy my wits which I haue hither brought,
 For wit is never good till it be bought ;
 Let me not beare all back, buy some therwhile,
 If laughter be too deere, tak't for a smile ;
 My trade is iesting now, or quible speaking,
 Strange trade yonke say, for it's set up with breaking ;
 My Shop and I am a'l at your command,
 For lawfull English laughter paid at hand,
 Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine
 To breake, and make a Craddock of my braine,
 Hafce haue not payd me yet, first there is one
 Owes me a quare for his declamation,
 Another's morning draught is not yet paid
 For fourre Epistles at the election made,
 Nor dare I crosse him who do's owe as yet
 Three Ells of iests to line Priorums wit.
 But here's a Courteier has so long a bill,
 "Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
 Relate the summe : Item he owes me first
 For an Inprimis : but what grieues me worst,
 A dainty Epigram on his Spaniels taile
 Cost me an houre, besides fine pors of Ale,
 Item an Anagram on his Mistris name,
 Item the speech wherewith he courts his Dame,
 And an old bloder'd scowling Elegie
 Vpon his Masters doggsad Exequie,
 Nor can I yet the time directly gather
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father,
 Besides he never gaue me yet content
 For the new coyning of's last complement,
 Should I speake all? be't spoken to his praise,

The totall summe is what he thinks, or sayes,
 I will not let you run so much o'th score,
 Poore Ducklane braines trust me, Ile trust no more,
 Shall's iest for nought, haue you all conscience lost?
 Or doe you thiuke our Sack did nothing cost?
 Well then it must be done as I haue said,
 I needs must be with present laughter payd,
 I am a freeman, for by this sweet ryme,
 The fellowes know I haue secur'd the time,
 Yet if you please to grace my poore aduentures,
 I me bound to you in more then ten indentures.

But a pox on *Skeltons* fury, Ile open my Shop in honeste
 prose, and first Gentlemen Ile shew you halfe a dozen of in-
 comparable points.

I would give you the definition of points, but that I think
 you haue them at your fingers ends, yet for your better vnder-
 standing

A point is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend
 of a good mans longitude, whose center and circumference in
 ioyne one diametricall opposition to your equilaterall Doub-
 lets, or equicrurall Breeches ; but to speake to the point,
 though not to the purpose.

I The first point is a point of honesty, but is almost worne
 out, and has never beeene in request since trunck Hose and
 codpeece Breeches went out of fashion, it's made of simplicity
 Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing ; if there bee any
 knaues among you (as I hope you are not all fooles) faith buy
 this point of honesty, and the best vse you can put it to, is to
 tye the band of affection: but I feare this point will finde no
 Chapman, some of you had rather sell, then with *Demosthenes*
 buy honesty at so deare a rate : oh I could wish that the Bree-
 ches of Bowlers, Stewards, Taxers, Receiuers, and Auditors
 were trussed with these honesty points ; but some will not
 be tyed to it, but hist Tom, it is dangerous vntressing the
 time.

2 The next is a point of Knaury, but I haue enow of them already, yet because I am loth to carry mine any longer about me, who giues me most shall take it, and the Deuill giue him good on't : this point is cut out of villanous Sheeppskin parchment in a Scriuener's Shop, tagg'd with the Gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrowed his eares; if he doe but fasten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste, this point of Knaury has beene a man in his dayes, and the best of the Parish, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this, a point of Knaury is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play fast and loose, he was borne in Buckram, h'as runne through all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bride-well, where I leaue him hoping to see him truss'd at Tiburne.

3 Amongst all my point, a points of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my pack, and is never out of fashion at Innes of Court, if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for Ile giue you this gift, that you shall haue it in spite of your teeths.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long lost among a croude of clownes, because it was only in fashion on this side Trent.

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heauens for't, it begins to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much defil'd, but I hope to see it cleane wash't away with the sope of good gouernment.

This point, to give you a little inckling of it, begins from the due obseruance of a Freshman to Sophisters, and there it ends with a *cede maioribus*.

5 Next point is a point of false doctrine snatch't from the codpeece of a long winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot in him. Tagge him with a peece of Apocrypha, and he breakes in sunder, trusse him to the Surplice, and his

Breeches will presently fall downe with the thought of the
whore of Babylon.

He hatcs vnyt and Church discipline so farre, that you
cannot tye a true lous knot on him: cut of his tags, and hec
will make excellent strings for a Geneva Bible, I would haue
these points anathematized from all the religious Breeches
in the company: 'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather,
tagg'd at one end with selfe conceit, at the other with wilfull
opinion, this point is fit for no seruice, but *Lucifors Caco-*
truces: but why talke I so long of this point, it is pity it is not
licensed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy ? if you
would haue a more full point, I can furnish you with a Peri-
od; I haue a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not
how you affect those points: but I loue them so well that I
griue at the ignorance of my infancie when my most auda-
cious Toes durst play at Spurne-point.

Who will not pitty points when each man sees
To beggning they are faine upon their knees,
Though I beg pitty, thinke I doe not feare
Censuring Critick whelps, no point Monsier
If you haue points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want points to trusse up your Breeches,
And from the close stool may he never moue
That hating points doth clasps and keepers lome,
But if my points haue here at al offended,
I let tell you a way how all may be amended;
Speake to the point, and that shall answere friend,
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.

Then

*Then the Pedlar brought forth
a Looking-Glasse.*

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I'le put it vp againe, for I dare not be so bold as to shew some of you your owne faces; yet I will, because it hath strange operation, *viz.*

If a crackt Chambermaid dresse her selfe by this Looking-Glasse, she shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her mistresse a shee Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplin, the next liuing that fals.

If a stale Court Ladie looke on this Reflection, shee may see her old face, through her new Complection.

An Vsurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a Scrivener his eares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his ~~Alcons~~ furniture is no longer inuisible: Corrupt takers of bribes may reade the price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Scholler in it. If one of our Jewell-nos'd, Carbunekl'd, rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their owne faces in it, the poore Basiliskes will kill themselues by reflection.

If a blinde man see his face in this, hee shall recouer his eye-sight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it; for when I looke into it, I finde my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I feare I cannot liue here aboue fourre yeeres longer: Howsoeuer I hope after my disease, we shall drinke the parting blow.

*If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,
It is because he dares not see his face:
Then what I am, I will not see (faist) say,
'Twau the whores Argument when she brews away.*

Then.

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a Boxe
of Cerebrum.*

But now considering what a Philosophicall vagum there is in most of our Cambridge Noddles, I haue here to sell a soueraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullus* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the sinciput of Demosthenes. The fire being blowne with the long-winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first inuention of it to Sir *John Mandevile*, the perfection of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetcht it from the gray-headed Alpes in the *Hobsons Waggon* of experience; I sweare as *Persians* vlc by this my *Coxcombe*, this Magazine of immortall roguerie: but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wits shall be soccage, when as now it is but fee-simple.

These braines haue very admirable vertues, and very strange operations: foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make him write true Lattin: three graines will fill the Capitall of an Vniuersitie Gander; the terrestriall head of a high Constable, will be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will fill the braine-pan of Bamberie brother.

*Come buy my braines you ignorant guls,
And furnish here your empty sculs:
Pay your Laughter as it's fit,
To the learned Pedlar of wit.
Quickly come, and quickly buy,
Or I'le shut my shop, and fooles you'le dye.
If you Coxcombes you would quoddle,
Here buy braines to fill your noddle.*

Who

Who buyes my braines, learnes quickly here,
To make a Probleme in a yeere: *now I* *knowe* *what* *a* *man* *will* *do*
Shall understand the predictable, *and* *the* *small* *odd* *things*
And the predicamentall Rabbie. *on* *you* *to* *you* *be* *A* *man* *to* *you*
Who buyes them not, shall dye a foole,
An exoteriske in the scboole.

Who has not these, shall euer passe
For a great ~~Acromaticall~~ *Asse*: *and* *the* *small* *odd* *things*
Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,
Shall never surfet on too much wit.

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a
Whetstone.*

But leaving my braines, I come to a more profitable Commodity: for considering how dull halfe the wits of the Vniuersitie be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell Whetstones.

This Whetstone will set such an edge vpon your inventiōns, that it will make your rustic iron braines, purer mettle, then your brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capacities on this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the Muses Ordinarie, or suppe at the Oracle of Apollo. If this bee not true, I sweare by the Doxies Petticoates, that I'lle neuer hereafter presume of a better vocation, then to liue and dye the miserable factor of Conny-skins.

*Then the Pedlar brought out
Gloves.*

I haue also Gloves of severall qualities: the first is a paire of Gloves made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadstone, that has the vertue to draw gold vnto it; they were perfumed with the conscience of an Usurer, and will keepe scent till wrangling haue left Westminster Hall; they are scamed with

Indentures, by the needleworke of Mortgage, and fringed with a *Nouerint Vniverſi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the statute, because a *Latitas* hath beene serued lately vpon them. And few of you need any Gloues, for you weare Cordouant hands.

Night-Caps.

My next Commodities, are ſeverall Night-Caps, but they dare not come abroad by Candle-light. The firſt is lined with Foxe-furre, which I hope to ſell to ſome of the Sophiſters; it hath an admirable facultie for curing the Crapula, aboue the vertue of Ivie or bitter Almonds; nay, the porridge pot's not comparable vnto it.

I haue another fit for an Alderman, which *Acteon* by his laſt Will and Testament bequeathed to the Citie as a principall Charter, it was of *Dianae*'s owne making; *Albumazars Otacosticon* was but a Chamberpot in comparison.

I could fit all heads with Night-caps, except your graue ouerwife Metaphyſical heads: Marry, they are ſo tranſcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the prediſtant of a Night-cap.

Ruffes.

I haue alſo ſeverall Ruffes; firſt, a Ruffe of pure Holland for a Dutch drunkard, a Ruffe of Cobweb lawne for the Vniuerſitie ſtatutes: I haue a Ruffe for the Colledge too: but by this badge of our Colledge (my reverend Lambſkins) our backbiters ſay our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of ſtocke; I haue no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of ſtrong hempe, you may haue them who will, at the Royall Exchange of Tiburne.

As

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriuners shop,
there is good hope honestie will come in fashion againe.

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles:
why? I haue greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deanaries, or
Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chamber-Maid,
the other is the reseruing of his Worships tythes; or you may
buy the Knights horse three hundred pound toodeare, who to
make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely
to a Vicaridge.

There be many tricks, but the downe right way is three
yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are
Maiori in pretio now, then in the daies of Domesday booke,
you must giue presents for your presentations: there may be
severall meanes for your institution, but this is the onely way
to induction that ever I knew: but I see you are not minded
to meddle with any my honest Leuiticall Farmers.

*Then the Pedlar tooke out a Wench made of
Alabaster.*

But now expect the treasures of the world, the treasures
of the earth digg'd from the mynes of my more then Indian
paunch. Wipe your eyes that no eniuious clouds of musty
humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an
obje^ct.

*Come from thy Palace beauteous Queene of Greece,
Sweet Hellen of the world, r^{ise} like the morne,
Clad in the smooke of night, that all the starres
May loose their eyes, and then grow blinde,
Runne weeping to the man's th moone,
To borrow his dogge to leade the sphareas a beggynge.*

Rare Empresse of our soules, whose Charcole flames
 Burnes the poore Colesfoot of amazed hearts.
 View this dumbe Audience thy beantie spies,
 And then amaz'd with grieve, laugh out theire eyes.

Here's now a rare beauty, oh how all your fingers itch,
 who should be the first Chapman? This will be a dainty friend
 in a corner. And were't not better to imbrace this pretty sham-
 bles of beauty, this errant Poultrie of perfection, then to tum-
 ble your sopie Laundresses? Is this like your dabble-tayl'd
 Bed makers? when a man shall lye with Seacole ashes, and
 commit adultery with the dust of his chamber?

Me thinkes this peerelesse Paragon of complection, should
 be better countenanced. She would set a sharper edge on your
 appetites, then all the three penny Cutlers in Cambridge.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty flesh and bloud
 will neuer leaue tempting: yet I protest by the sweet sole of
 this incomparable she, I neuer had any acquaintance with the
 pretty Libraries of flesh, but onely this: This is the subiect of
 my Muse; This I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curi-
 ous Encomiums, as may deserue immortalitie in the Cham-
 berpots of *Helicon*: and thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost
 her.

Faire Madame, thee whose every thing
 Deserves, the Close-stoole of a King:
 Whose head is faire as any bone,
 White and smooth as Pumex stone.
 Whose naturall baldnesse scornes to weare
 The needless excrements of hayre.
 Whose forehead streakes, our hearts commands,
 Like Douer Clifts, or Goodwyn sands.
 While from those dainty Glae-morme eyes,
 Cupid shoots plum-pudding pyes.
 While from the Arches of thy nose,
 A Creame-pot of white Nectar flowes:

Faire

Faire dainty lips, so smooth so sleeke,
 And truely Alabaster cheeke.
 Pure Saffron teeth, happie the meate
 That such pretty milstones eate.
 Oh let me heare some silent song,
 Tun'd by the Iewes-trumpe of thy tonghe.
 Oh how that Chin becomes thee well,
 Where never hairy beard shall dwell:
 Thy Corall necke doth stateler bow,
 Then Ios when she turn'd a Cow:
 O let me, or I shall nere rest,
 Sucke the blackebottles of thy brest:
 Or lay my head, and rest me still
 On that dainty Hogmagog hill.
 Oh curious, and unfathom'd waste,
 As slender as the stateliest Mast:
 Thy fingers too, breed my delight,
 Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
 Oh pity then my dismall moane,
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.
 Thou know'st how I lament and howle,
 Weepe, snort, condole, looke sad, and scowle.
 Each night so great, my passions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.
 Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,
 Thy Petticote to pity moou'd.
 Then let thy pedlar mercy finde,
 To kisse thee once, though it be behinde.
 Sweet kisse, sweet lippe, delitious sence,
 How sweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
 Blest Petticore, more blest her Smocke,
 That daily buffeth her Buttocke:
 For now the Proverbe true I finde,
 That the best part is still behinde.
 Sweet dainty soule, daigne but to giue
 The poore Pedlar, this hanging Sceene:

And to thine honour, by this kisse,
 I'le daily ware my Packe in this,
 And quickly so beare thine more farse,
 Then Quixot the Knight Errants dame.
 So farewell sweet, daigne but to touch,
 And once againe rebleffe my Pouch.

Is it not pittie such ware should not be bought? well, i
 perceiue the fault is in the emptiness of your learned poc-
 kets: well, I'le to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and
 then carry the Reliques to Rome.

Then the Pedlar cals for his Colkstaffe.

Some friend must now perforce
 Make haste, and bid my Boy
 To saddle me my wooden Horse,
 For I meane to conquer Troy.

FINIS.

